Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue:
Ri. And I as I loue *Haſtings* with my heart.
King. Maddam, your ſelfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue beene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you doe, doe it vnfainedly.
Qu. Here *Haſtings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
Dorſ. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Haſt. And ſo I ſwere my Lord.
King. Now princely *Buckingham* ſeale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happy in this vnity.
Buck. Whenſoeuer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt neede to imploy a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
King. A pleaſing cordiall Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Glocester* here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Glocester.

Buck. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne King and Queene,
And princely Peares, a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed as we haue ſpent the day,
Brother we haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong inſcenſed Peares.
Glo. A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne Liege,
Amongſt this Princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittin
Haue thought committed th
By any in this preſence, I c
To reconcile me to his freinc
Tis death to me to be at em
I hate it and deſire all good
Firſt Maddam I intreat peace
Which I purchace with my d
Of you my noble couſen *Bu*
If euer any grudge were lo
Of you my Lord *Riuers*, an
That all without deſart haue
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentl
I do not know that Engliſhm
With whom my ſoule is any
More then the infant that is b
I thanke my God for my hun
Qu. A holy day ſhall this
I would to God all ſtrife were
My ſoueraigne leige I do be
To take our brother *Clarence*
Glo. Why Maddam, haue
To be thus ſcornd in this roy
Who knowes not that the n
You doe him iniury to ſcorne
Ri. Who knowes not he
Qu. All ſeeing heauen,
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord
Dor. I my good Lord and
But his red colour hath forſ
Kin. Is *Clarence* dead? t
Glo. But He poore ſoule by
And that a winged Mercury
Some tardy cripple bore the c
That came too lagge to ſee hi
God graunt that ſome leſſe n
Neerer in bloody thoughts,
Deſerue not worſe then wret
And yet goe currant from ſ

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